Andrew and Bertha.

December 16, 2014 by Ratbat

1945, -redacted- -redacted-

"For fucks sake! That's the third time this week I have dealt with the engine, what the hell are you guys doing to the poor thing?" Andrew grumbled as the 70 ton experimental heavy tank sputtered into the hanger, grey smoke pouring out of the exhaust pipes. The commander shrugged sitting on top of the large turret.

"No idea what to tell you, we where just running through some basic maneuvering and suddenly its billowing smoke and making a grinding sound, have a look and see if you can fix it." Pulling the tank into the center of the hanger over a mechanics bay, the driver then proceeds to climb out of his hatch and the rest of the crew soon followed disembarking and leaving the hanger. Sighing, Andrew walks towards the tank and pulls him self up onto the turret, climbing in through the gunners hatch he rotated the turret 90 degrees to the right. Making his way back out he opened the engine covers and started poking around at any and all problem areas he knew of, or thought might be causing the issue with the Ford GAC engine.

Exhausting those options the mechanic made his way into the little trench beneath the tank to examine the under side and inner joints of the drive wheels to see if anything had gotten jammed in there. Unfortunately there wasn't any thing of the sort, which caused Andrew to scratch his head as he was standing beneath the engine bay unable to find anything that might have been causing the issue. The leak that the mechanic had spent countless hours attempting to find the source of was still present, the mercury like liquid dripping form an almost invisible panel on the tanks underside. Frustrated with the seemingly pointless attempts to find out what was causing the issues with the engine, Andrew made his way up and popped the drivers hatch. Climbed in, and let the engine roar to life in the hopes to locating the issue by sound…but, the engine was fine, no grey smoke, no grinding sound, nothing.

Letting out a heavy sigh he climbed out and sat on the upper glacis of the heavy tank rubbing his eyes. "what in the hell am I going to do with you…"

"well, for starters, you could give me some more fuel, and see about kicking the other guys out when they need me to do a test run." A voice said, sounding like it came from near the door as Andrew grumbled something and stood up. Heading towards the fuel pump and grabbing the hose to refuel the heavy.

"oh trust me I would if I could, but the paper work and time constraints are making that impossible…" popping the fuel cap the mechanic inserted the nozzle and was about to start filling up the tanks when he came to a sudden realization.

"…who is there???" he asked quickly spinning around in an attempt to find the trespasser. Picking up a large wrench he held it up like a baseball bat and backed towards a wall to make sure no one could sneak up on him. "This is a restricted area, and I have had a bad day so you better

god damn show your self if you know what's good for you!" there was a soft giggle that seamed to come from the center of the room, though with the T-29's rumbling engine, it was hard to tell exactly where it might be coming from.

"There is only you and I in here Andrew, now then, how about you put down that wrench and we can have a nice calm conversation hmm? Sound reasonable?" the voice said, it sounded feminine, no it was feminine, it had a melodic, and sweet under tone. Mixed with the rumble of the engine it was a very soothing sound, and calmed the mechanic down if only slightly.

"Not u-until you s-show your self, then we can have a chat." He said lowering the wrench slightly but still scanning the hanger in the hopes of spotting the woman, he shook slightly afraid that the person might be a saboteur or spy.

"very well…just don't freak out to much alright?" the woman asked with a sigh as the turret of the T-29 twitched slightly looking a the mechanic before two panels on the cheeks of the turret opened up and Andrew was met by two large eyes looking at him. His jaw hit the floor and it was soon followed by the mechanic as he passed out. the hanger, tank, and everything else swirling into a pool of darkness.

She knew she shouldn't have been so abrupt with him, she wanted to try and calm him down and have a talk before revealing her self to him, but unfortunately it wasn't to be. maneuvering towards the unconscious mechanic the T-29 made sure not to get her track stuck in the trench used to examine her under side. Stopping about a meter away from Andrew she gently picked him up with her manipulator arms. Cradling him the T-29 moved back to her spot and waited for her mechanic to wake up again. On the bright side, it would give her a lot of time to think up responses to his questions, that is if he didn't sprint off as soon as he woke up.

"this is going to be a pain to deal with…" she mumbled to her self gently rocking the human in her arms. Despite the almost lifeless expression on his face, he was still handsome, jet black hair, muscular yet average build. She smiled slightly looking at the man, letting one of her manipulator arms run through his hair, oh how she enjoyed the feeling of finally being able to touch him, it had always been the other way round. He was always putting his hands on her, massaging her flanks when ever he cleaned her, caressing her nethers with out knowing. Oh how she enjoyed that feeling, she would even fake issues with her own engine, even if it meant he laid his hands on her for a split second, it was worth it to her. Eventually she was lost in through only to be dragged back from her fantasizing by the sudden movement in her arms.
"Oh! Your awake good, and I am so sorry I shouldn't have scared you like that." She stammered feeling embarrassed with the whole ordeal preceding there current position. Andrew blinked, shook his head sleepily, blinked again and then groaned, not in pain but in disbelief.

"please tell me I am dreaming."

"i-I am sorry, but your not dreaming." She answered as he sighed and covered his face. "B-But, maybe I could…answer some questions for you?" her mouth, just beneath her gun mantel, forming a slight smile.

"this is so far out of my comfort zone I have no idea where to even start! No, scratch that, and I mean absolutely no offence when I ask this, but…WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU??" the heavy tank giggled slightly before letting out a sigh and nodding, the barrel of her 105 wiggling a little.

"that's fair enough, I am a living machine, and no, not every machine is alive, just a few of them." She replied as her mechanic nodded slowly. "you seem to be taking this rather smoothly."

"oh trust me, I am shitting my self on the inside." Andrew snapped scared, confused, and wondering just what the hell this living machine wanted with him. "u-um…so how long have you been…?"

"alive? Ever sense I was put together and rolled into this hanger for you to tend, I…wanted to reveal myself to you as soon as I met you, and I, I had wanted this to go differently."
Andrew nodded slowly as he looked at the tank, she had a sad concerned expression on her, turret, despite the fear and confusion, he felt a little sad and placed a hand on her cheek? He thought it was her cheek at least, right beneath her left eye. She smiled a little as her eyes looked into his sending a shiver down his spin, but it wasn't quite a 'spin tingling fear of being murdered by a much bigger creature.' Shiver.
"i-its alright I guess, um…you know my name, d-do you have a name or…how does that work with living machines?" he asked as the heavy brightened up a little more.
"we living machines have names, I am Bertha, or at least that's what the crew who normally drives me around refers to me as, and I like it."
"hmmm, bertha, sounds fitting, but do the others know about you?' Andrew asked annoyed at the others for not letting him know about the fact the tank he was fixing was alive. This brought up another question causing him to go a little pale in the face.
"oh god I hope I didn't hurt you! I-I mean when I worked on you, f-fuck." He stammered as Bertha giggled and brushed his hair gently with one of her hands causing him to flinch.
"no, no, you didn't hurt me, and the others don't know, you're the one, and only one who knows about me." she responded with a gentle smile that helped to relax the spooked human. "how ever, you did…excite me some times, when you where down in your little trench." She finished giving him a little wink. Confused at first Andrew cocked an eyebrow at her before realization struck and he turned red in the face finally realizing what the mercury like substance was.
"y-you mean…." He started as bertha nodded, her mantle turning a slightly darker color as she remembered the times she almost exposed her [illegible] him, when he would give her a good hard scrub down there. "i-I am so sorry i-I had no idea!" he said quickly as she shook her head and then pulled him a little closer. Her desires stirring a little more strongly, her breathing come in short pants as her engine started to rumble a little

louder. He was so close, and yet still just out of her desires reach.
“I enjoyed it, a-and would like to go a little farther if your willing.” She whispered in an almost sensual tone causing the mechanic to feel confusingly aroused as one of berthas hands came to rest on his crotch. His member was starting to press against the fabric of his jumpsuit. It was a strange concept, the idea of having sex with a tank appalled and intrigued him at the same time, and part of him deep down wanted to try it. Some aspect of his mind decided to throw caution to the wind as he suddenly found him self pressing his face between her mantel and hull, lips gently pressed against Berthas. The metal felt warm, and soft, like a persons, or at least he assumed what a persons lips would taste like during a kiss.
A little surprised she blinked before pulling him tight to her hull and returning the kiss, during the time in which there lips where locked, there tongues battled for dominance until they parted. Andrew felt warm inside, and berthas engine was rumbling louder, having gone up at least two gears. A strand of silver liquid still connected there mouths for a brief moment after they parted only to battle once more, both of them experimenting with the new feeling and sensation of each other. Berthas manipulator arms where eagerly moving along Andrews’s body though mostly focusing on removing clothing and fondling the large bulge at his crotch. The feel of his body was sending completely new sensations through her hull, she wanted more, so much more but she didn’t want to push Andrew to far for fear that she might scar him. She had to make sure it was alright with him, pulling him away gently she gave him a concerned look.
“a-are you sure about this? Only minutes ago you where freaking out…and now your…giving the best, and fist kiss I have ever had.” Her question caused Andrew to pause as he considered it a little more thoroughly.

“i…always had an interest in tanks…and machines…which is why I am what I am now…so, I guess, what’s one more step down the rabbit hole?” he replied with a cheerful smile taking one of her hands and squeezing it gently. “so, yes…I am curious, and I want more…just like you.”
The heavy tank burned a little hotter, pulling him closer she kissed him again before letting her manipulator arms completely strip him. With some help from the horny mechanic he was completely bare before her, his member rock hard and standing proud. Her hands coiled around his member as they gently started to stroke it up and down, teasing it gently causing Andrew to shiver in delight, the sensation causing goose bumps to appear all along his body. Her teasing continued as she watched the expressions on his face, the look of pleasure on his face and the little noises he made where driving her up the wall with lust.
Not quite satisfied with giving him a hand job, berthas long tongue slid from her mouth and gently slid from base to tip collecting the dribble of pre which had started leaking out. She then started to bring him closer to her turret, angling to try and take his length into her mouth as he was almost powerless to stop her. Inhaling deeply Andrew closed his eyes and attempted to ignore the rows of sharp teeth he had just seen with in her mouth, his member getting dangerously close to being non existent. Bertha soon has his shaft inside her mouth as she gently closed her lips around it, her tongue coiling around the rock hard genitals of her lover.
“o-oh fuck! Hold, hold on a second!” he stammers as bertha stops and looks up at him with a semi pleading look.
‘He was already at this point why did he want to stop?’ She wondered as he pushed against her turret extracting himself from her mouth as she loosened her grip on him to allow him to move away. “is everything alright?” she asked as he nodded quickly coming up with an excuse to avoid the sharp teeth in the tanks maw.

“y-yes I just wanted to um…make you feel good.” He replies as she blinks and smiles slightly before letting him down onto the ground.
“well then my little mechanic, you know where to find it, j-just be gentle.” She replies as her engine revs in anticipation, she was eager to find out just what he would do, and her excitement at the new sensation she would feel soon. Slipping into the trench beneath the 70-ton heavy tanks Andrew moves along her belly sliding a finger along her under side as she shivers above him. He quickly found the panel in which the mercury liquid was seeping through and forming a puddle in the trench. The smell tingled the mechanics nose as he moved closer to the sensitive region; the heat of her running engine was causing his throat to start drying out.
Reaching out towards the area that the liquid seamed to be coming from, for the who knows how many times. Except this time, when his finger brushed against the smooth metal, a panel opened and exposed a slit on the underbelly of the tank. Reaching towards it he ran a finger along the slit as she slivered and gasped above him. Andrew flinched a little, the sound she made was…oddly arousing, he twitched slightly as he put his finger along her slit once more. The sound she made enticing him to continue as he stroked his hand along her genitalia, his teasing continued for a few more strokes before pressing the tip of his finger against the seam. The soft metal bending slightly under the pressure as the first segment of his pointer finger slid into the folds of the T-29.
A muffled gasp escaped bertha as she bit her lip and reveled in the sensation of having the human prodding at her private region. She had fantasized about this kind of thing almost every time she could feel him poking around beneath her, and now it was actually happening. Nearly every fibber in her body wanted to grab Andrew and make him take her, to pound her until her suspension gave and neither of them could move, but she had to be patient, let him explore at his own pace. Her manipulator arms coiled around one another in an attempt to prevent them from collecting the human and taking what she wanted.
Hearing her reaction to the initial penetration he started to push his finger a little deeper sinking the second segment into her fold. The flesh like metal tightening around the digit as warmth and moisture washed over his finger. Moaning as his finger went a little deeper inside of her she readjusted her suspension slightly, the sensation sending a shiver along her hull. Andrew knew she was enjoying this as her engine kicked up a little higher, the temperature rising in the trench as he could just faintly catch the sounds of her moans, each one sending a little thrill through his body.
Drawing his finger from her moist slit he pressed two fingers against it this time, sinking the first two joints into her as the noises she made practically begged him to go a little deeper. Eager to comply to her moaning he pushed both fingers in to the knuckle causing a small gush of fluids to coat his hand in the mercury like substance. Curious the mechanic drew his fingers out of her once more, though he made sure to wriggle them a little as berthas breaths came in short pants. The liquid glistened in the light of the trench as he pulled his fingers closer to his [illegible]it seamed to be a little sticky as thin ropes of it collected his two fingers when he spread them.
Curiosity taking the better of his judgment he put his fingers to his mouth and tasted the liquid silver fluid. It was metallic, and tasted like he had

just licked an engine block with an oil leak, yet despite that, it wasn't bad. Licking a little more off his hand he moved directly beneath her moist entrance, placing a thumb on each side he pulled her lips apart and looked into her depths.

"aah! W-what are you doing?" she asked in surprise wriggling under the mechanics touch as he glanced down quickly to kick a block of wood closer to use as a stool.

"I have no idea…" he responded stepping onto the block and bringing his face closer to her, she wriggled and gasped feeling his breath against her sensitive folds. Feeling like he had teased her enough Andrew pressed his face closer to her entrance and slid his tongue along the entirety of her slit drawing an excited gasp. Her arms twitched slightly as her eyes went wide and her engine growled louder, her breathing quicker and in shorter gasps as she tried to keep her self cool under the touch of her mechanic.
Andrews heart was pounding, her taste was starting to grow on him, despite the metallic and oil like taste, it was getting a little sweeter to the tongue. Taking a small break as he let the flavor sink in, he admired the appearance of her soft lips, the silver liquid seeping from deeper with in the horny tank. Moving in once more he pushed him self face first into berthas soft lips as he then started to in essence French kiss her slit. His tongue going to work as he moved it around inside causing a number of gasps and cries from the shivering heavy tank above him. each little noise and sound she made driving her mechanic a little farther down the rabbit hole, the liquid started to flow a little more freely. Each lick sending waves of pleasure through bertha as her hull shivers with each stroke.

Her engine continued to rev higher and higher as her manipulator arms wrapping her lover in a tight embrace, all the while stroking his engorged cock. Each lick causing more of Berthas juices to cascade down Andrews chin and stain his chest with the reflective substance. Letting her suspension ease, bertha lowered her hull to entice Andrew to go a little deeper. He eagerly obliged the T-29 and she responded with excited cries of pleasure, each louder then the last.

"aaah! Yes! Deeper!" she cried as her hands fondled and stroke his member eager to express her enjoyment of his efforts by teasing him in return. Soon she couldn't take it any more and she knew exactly what she wanted to do next. Pushing him away slightly bertha pulled away from the trench as Andrew protested against the action. Climbing out quickly after her he had a good look at her, but through different eyes as he saw each of the sensual features of her body. The smooth curves of her turret, her large flanks, her 105mm gun, they all had some effect on arousing Andrew as he eyed her, until one of her hands distracted him from admiring the behemoth machine. She was motioning for him to come closer, her eyes locked on him as she licked her lips sensually.
He inhaled sharply and moved briskly towards her, bertha smiled as two arms snaked out from beneath her hull to coil around Andrews legs and drag him under. Her hands quickly wrapped around his shaft as she positioned him under her hull. She shivered with anticipation, her hands stroking his cock as she finally dragged her mechanic into the place she wanted him.
"w-what are you up to?" he asked as she wiggled in anticipation before holding him firmly in her grasp and eased her suspension down, the tip pressing against her entrance. Letting out a hiss of hot air she started to ease her self onto his rock hard cock.
"o-oh…" he stammered groaning slightly as his tip started pierce her hull, the lubrication provided by her flowing juices allowing him to slide in smoothly. "f-fuck that feels amazing." He groaned closing his eyes and feeling her underbelly to try and find something to hold onto as she lowered her self a little farther onto his shaft.
"ah yes, that's it! Come on fuck me Andrew!" she growled as her suspension raised and lowered her hull starting to fuck her human, his cock sliding in and out of her moist nethers. One of her hands found its way into his as they interlocked fingers. The tip of his shaft hitting a barrier, which seemed to disappear farther into her depths allowing the mechanic to pierce farther into his lover .Finding a hand and foot hold on her under side Andrew pressed his back against the ground before thrusting up into her as fast and hard as she gasped in shock. Pulling him self out to the tip he then slammed into her once more as she screamed in pleasure, her engine roaring with her voice, her lips clamping around his shaft as he buried it deep inside her once more. not wanting to be out done by her mechanic she growled and began rocking her hull ridding her mechanic fast and hard, there combined moans and screams reverberating through out the garage.
"Y-YES!!! FUCK ME MY LOVE!!" Bertha howled as Andrew pounded into her each and every time she forced her hull down onto him taking him to the hilt inside of her. each thrust driving them closer to the edge, the pleasure building with the temperature as the two furiously hammered each other. Berthas engine went into the highest gear it could as the v12 pounded away in her engine bay, the vibrations pushing Andrew dangerously close to the edge as she clenched his teeth and continue to slam in and out of her. The mechanics heart pounded away in his chest as it tried to keep pace with her roaring engine, but to little success. Berthas tongue hung limply from her mouth as she gapped in pleasure droll trickling down onto her upper glacis as he silver 'cum' soaked her human lovers crotch, staining his skin ever so slightly.

"I….I…cant…" Andrew started as the 70 ton heavy tank felt her lover swell with in her alerting her to his eminent release. In response she rode him harder, rocking her hull to the pounding of her engine as her own climax was almost at hand.
"YES!! YES!! GIVE IT TO ME!! DON'T….DONT YOU DARE PULLL OUT!!" she hissed the pressure in her loins becoming almost unbearable.

With a loud groan and one final thrust will all his might, Andrew hilted himself completely inside the heavy. Driven over the edge, the mechanic couldn't hold out any more as thick ropes of his seed spewing deep inside his lover as she quivered and clamped around him holding every drop inside. The flow of hot cum pouring into her sent bertha over the edge. Her fluids breaking the tight seal around her mechanics shaft, there combined fluids creating a sloppy mess beneath the T-29 drenching the mechanic as her suspension gave out. Andrew was suddenly aware of how little room there was between berthas underside and the ground, her drive wheels being the only thing keeping her weight off his chest. Both of them lay there gasping for air, the bliss still running through both of them overpowering every other feeling as they embraced, only to pass out in each others arms shortly after there exhausting bonding.

Theunknownjester

War Thunder (Bt-7/T-26)
Kamov Redux

Subscribe

Login

Join the discussion

23 COMMENTS

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Member

aright thanks! i might have a little celebratory drinking in a story and wanted to have an idea of what the living machine(s) could drink aside from regular fuels

Reply

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Member

High octane fuel, bio fuels, in some cases (like the M1 Abrams) actual alcohol. 😉

Reply

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Member

ooh, i look forwards to reading about that! sounds like its going to be one hell of a party, which reminds me. Is there a form of alcoholic beverages for living machines?

Reply

Ratbat 9 years ago

Author

Reply to Theunknownjester

For Dire machines, they get intoxicated by fuel additives, some types of gases, some types of radio active materials. Depends on their power source. for Morph machines, they have an actual bio-mechanicle furnace-stomach so they can eat anything, from birthday cake to door knobs to rebar. So they can drink alcohol, but they need a lot of it.. a lot of it.

Reply

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Member

Well Jester, I've found my 3-way characters: a male Hellcat named Demon, a male human named Allen, and a female IS-3 named Dina... It takes place during Germany's last moments of existence in 1945 and these three have decided to celebrate the Union of the two allies power armies in their own way... a very naughty way. 😉

Reply

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Member

Same to you and every one else, may your days be joyful and pleasant!

Reply

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Member

Well merry Christmas everyone! Its about 12:03 over here, and may you have a very merry Christmas and a morning void of hangovers!

Reply

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Member

ah aright that makes sense then.
and yea, i am actually trying to get the t-29 in wot and as soon as its added -which it hopefully will be added to warthunder- the t-29 will be sitting in my garage next to the king tiger!

yea the t-29 is pretty damn sexy, it took a little while for me to come to that conclusion as i had, for what ever reason, refused to play the American tanks and now i am wanting some t-29 booty!

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

No the T-28 has a different chasis and power plant and is a HELL of a lot less in weight than the T-95. They served the same purpose as superheavy tanks, however. And Warthunder got the American tanks recently with an M103 but no T-29, sadly, looking forward to that sexy beast on WT, I've got a T-29 on WoT and it's pretty sexy and fun and sexy. Did I mention sexy?

Reply

Member

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

true, -m103 is a fun tank to play on wot haven't got it yet in warthunder yet but hopefully soon- and if i remember correctly the t-28 and t-95 are esentually the exact same tank, one just has a second set of tracks(?)

Reply

Member

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

perhaps maybe a Humber armored car -modified to have a 2 pdr gun rather then the 15mm machinegun or the 35-37mm gun used on the american variation of the humber- and a Sd. Kfz. 234/4
thinking there a raid on a german held town, the Sd. being the only actual armor present at the time of the raid, becomes captured the humber is present, commander -only member of the humber's crew in this instance- gets spotted by the Sd. who decides she wants some english sausage, much the humbers annoyance as she is also after it as well and then competition begins between the two 😜

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Don't forget about the T-28, T-95, or the M103!

Reply

Member

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

hmmm perhpas, there was also the T-34 made in tangent with the T-29 project, or i could go for the T-30 once again part of the same project. that might be interesting though, then again i did have an idea for something involving two armored cars from ww2 bickering over over, and trying to find ways of proving which one the commander liked the best -doesn't take much to imagine where that ends- So i got two options so far and i am honestly not sure which one to do first XD

Reply

Author

Ratbat 9 years ago

Reply to Theunknownjester

Oohh.. Go on.

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

Oh I forgot to put up my response I made to Ratbat the other day, I really did absolutely nothing at all. No one could actually find me on the Internet and being secluded in the woods with only two-three other kids in a mile radius growing up didn't help my social life one bit. Imaginary friends for the win!

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

O.O Yes. Do it. Now who would be taking part? Andrew and Bertha with someone tagging along maybe?

Reply

Member

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

now that i think about it a three way story would be interesting, i think i might give that a shot!

Reply

ember

Theunknownjester 9 years ago

Well to answer your first comment GingyFlame the T95 was also called the T29 before it was renamed, but yea, similar thing, and you guest it, i read your stories and went "i can do that to!" though i did follow some scenes that you had written i tried to make it as original as possible -a little difficult when i have a tendency of mimicking art/writting styles and all subconsciously-

Thank you very much for the feed back! i look forwards to improving and putting up more things on here! -furiously types away at a Christmas-y related story-

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

I don't have a Skype. Never really thought of it because I really don't trust the Internet OR my own internet connection. I'm a little paranoid and a stickler with Internet things like that because of past events happening to my family. The only Internet social life I have is this, Tumblr that I got only for my story, Google plus and email, well I play Xbox but that really isn't what I view as Internet social. Don't really expect Skype outta me.

Reply

Author

Ratbat 9 years ago

Reply to Gingyflame

Thats ok man. Skype is kind of shitty anyway (but we use it because the alternatives aernt as popular). But its ok, we understand. You only did Tumblr and titan? what did you do before that?

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

So I just finished and wow was that awesome! This gave me a sense of déjà vu, I personally saw some similarities between our stories that made me go 'haha I did the same thing!' and I'm not saying anything like you based things off of what I felt right, nothing wrong, but it makes me feel like I inspired someone... that makes me feel... awesome. Now I understand that I might not have but I'll enjoy this alien feeling while it lasts. Andrew that lucky bastard!

Reply

Author

Ratbat 9 years ago

Reply to Gingyflame

Hey Gingy do you have a skype? All us motherfuckers are skype chatting with eatchother cept for you. whats your skype?

Reply

Member

Gingyflame 9 years ago

I just started reading and AWWW YEEEEAH T TWENTY NINE! Although the picture has a T-95 in as well... three-way?

Reply

© 2024 Titan Atelier • Built with GeneratePress